

—THE—
Lexington Intelligencer

A. W. ALLEN, Editor and Publisher.

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All communications to go into print in THE INTELLIGENCER must be signed.

Gentlemen, meet the world's champions, the N. Y. Giants.

Disapprove Old Proverb.

The old proverb that you can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear is being disregarded by chemists. A chemical firm of Cambridge, Mass., has done the impossible. The sow's ear was reduced to a glue-like substance and then transformed into silk-like filaments by several processes. These were spun and woven on special machinery and a silk purse was the result.

Forming Good Reading Habits.

If parents wish their children to form good reading habits they must first form such habits themselves. And there is no better way to do this than to bring into the household a periodical that will be of interest to every member of it; that will supply the best reading for old and young. Among the periodicals of this description The Youth's Companion is unique. Not only does it aim to entertain and inform boys and girls in their teens, as its name suggests, but there is not a page in it that parents can pass over with indifference.

The 52 issues of 1922 will be crowded with serial stories, short stories, editorials, poetry, facts and fun. Subscribe now and receive:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues in 1922.
2. All the remaining issues of 1921.
3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1922. All for \$2.50.
4. Or include McCall's Magazine the monthly authority on fashions. Both publications, only \$3.00.

The Youth's Companion, Commonwealth Ave. & St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

A Great Remedy.

The merits of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy are well known and appreciated, but there is occasionally a man who had no acquaintance with them and should read the following by F. H. Dear, a hotel man at Dupuyer, Mont.: "Four years ago I used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy with such wonderful results that I have since recommended it to my friends."

Adv.

THAT DULL ACHING.

Don't worry and complain about a bad back. Get rid of it! For weak kidneys, lame and aching backs, your neighbors recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Ask your neighbor. Read this statement:

Mrs. John Rosewall, S. Side Addition, Lexington, says: "Mornings I was greatly troubled with severe pains and had such a dull ache through my back that I could get no rest at night. I was miserable most of the time and was bothered with dizzy spells. At times little flashes seemed to come before my eyes and I became blinded. I felt tired and weak and could hardly get about. My kidneys acted irregularly, too. Doan's Kidney Pills have been used successfully by others of my family so I got a box and they entirely rid me of the trouble."

60c, at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

World's Series Facts.

Total attendance	269,976
Total Receipts	\$900,233
National and American	
Leagues divide	256,621.06
Each club's share	108,026.98
Commission's share	135,034.95

A Traveling Man's Experience.

You may learn something from the following by W. H. Ireland, a traveling salesman of Louisville, Ky. "In the summer of 1888 I had a severe attack of cholera morbus. I gave the hotel porter fifty cents and told him to buy me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy and to take no substitute. I took a double dose of it according to the directions and went to sleep. At five o'clock the next morning I was called by my order and took a train for my next stopping place, a well man."

Adv.

Word has been received of the death of James, Raynes, the 7-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Raynes, at their home in Kansas City. Mr. and Mrs. Raynes formerly lived in Lexington.

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Cal Hubbard, a student in the Civil Service Dept. has been elected captain of the Chillicothe Business College football team. Hubbard plays right tackle and last year made the all-state team.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A Position for the Summer

By RUBY DOUGLAS

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Joan had been invited to lunch at the Civic club rooms. She was the guest of her aunt, and she felt not at all thrilled at the prospect of a couple of hours spent over the lunch table with a half-dozen women whom she had never seen before.

"You may be a bit bored, Joan," her aunt remarked, "but it won't hurt you to know a few influential women. You may even hear of something interesting to do to help with next year's college tuition."

"Interesting or not—I have to find something," Aunt Nell, Joan replied.

She was an attractive looking girl, of the athletic type, and the friends of her aunt found her a bright luncheon companion.

"I am trying to cut my living expenses in the country this summer, and I'm torn between letting my mother's helper or my chauffeur go," remarked one of the guests.

"It's a far cry from one to the other, isn't it?" asked Joan's Aunt Nell.

"Can't you drive—yourself?" asked Joan. Why anyone could have a car and not drive it was beyond comprehension with Joan, who loved to run a car.

"Yes; but I'm temperamentally unsuited for it. I'm always in trouble with



"The Train is Late Tonight."

the village policeman or some one on the road."

Joan suddenly had an inspiration. "Why not discharge them both and try—me for the summer?" she asked, half in jest.

Her Aunt Nell looked at her to see if she were in earnest.

"Can you drive?"

Joan nodded. "Anything from Liège to Rolls-Royce," she laughed.

"And do you know anything about children?"

"I can feed them, bathe them, correct their English, keep them out of harm—that's all. And—I love them," she added.

The elder woman looked thoughtfully at Joan for a moment. "Do you really want to do something for the summer? You're in college, aren't you?"

"I expect to graduate next year, but I must do something this summer to help out with my expenses. I love the country. I love to drive a car—and I adore children. Why couldn't you try me?"

"I could—why not?"

Details were arranged, and inside of a fortnight Joan was established at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Jones as a general companion to the children and a helper.

It proved to be a very satisfactory arrangement, for not only did Joan drive Mrs. Jones wherever she wished to go, but she took the children with her and kept them happy and well while the mother went her own way. She taught the boy of nine to help her change a tire, she showed the children how to dust out the rugs inside the car, polish the windows and do many odd tasks that took time. The boy put the water in the radiator, measured off the oil, screwed up the grease cups and learned to be a great help under the direction of Joan.

"You're a wonder, Joan," said Mr. Jones when she had met him at the train one night with three nicely dressed and bathed children in the back seat. "Parker had nothing on you as a chauffeur believes me."

"I'm having a wonderful time and getting fat. I shall be sorry to go back to college in September," she said, skillfully slipping past one by one the cars ahead of them on the road home.

On several evenings when she had to wait for the train and had parked the car at the usual stopping place she observed a good-looking young chauffeur who usually placed his car next to hers. Always this young fellow was reading during his spare moments.

"The train is late tonight," he remarked to Joan one evening as their eyes met. They were both looking

down the track for the over-due express train.

"Yes—quite," Joan replied.

From that bromide beginning their conversation grew into intellectual channels and Joan always managed to be at the parking place a few minutes ahead of train time in order to talk with the young fellow in the big foreign car.

She learned that he had been at the French front in the ambulance corps and that, suffering from various after-effects of the war, he had been ordered by his physician to do some easy work that would keep him in the open air.

"Therefore—I chauffeur," he laughed.

"And? Do you know about me?" Joan queried.

"I know some things," the young man admitted, saying more with his glance than with words.

"I, too, am a chauffeur," she announced. "I'm helping Mrs. Jones with the children and driving the car while I'm resting," she laughed.

Then she told him how she happened to have the position, and it was not many days before they had made a trysting place, as young persons will who have no homes to ask each other into. They met during the summer evening and strolled along the water front or went out in a canoe.

Joan asked permission to take the children to the beach and frankly told Mrs. Jones that she was meeting John Moore and that he enjoyed the children and helped to watch them at the water's edge.

"I never realized before what you are to me," Mrs. Jones told her. "I feel as if I could not get along without you. The children are so happy and they've developed so much since they've been with you. My boy has grown to be quite a man, and he's all wrapped up now in studying about the distance of the sun from the earth, the number of light years Mars is removed from us and all sorts of things—he's picked up from you and—"

"From John—please, Mrs. Jones. He is crazy about astronomy and he catches Gordon whatever he can. It is lots of fun and—"

Joan was blushing. She had been about to say that it was such a pleasure for her to be with them all.

"Don't worry, Joan," Mrs. Jones said, sympathetically. "I know just what it is. Be happy while you can. Have your youth and romance now. It is summer."

Joan felt as if she could never hear the end of this wonderful season, but as it drew to a close John told her that he loved her. He knew that he had no right, as yet, to speak; but he wanted her to know that he would think of her always, of her alone.

"I'll get strong and well, Joan, while you are finishing college. Then I can go back into the game again and—"

Joan had turned away.

"Turn back to me. Let me see your eyes. And then—may I hope to have you, dear?" he asked when he had searched her eyes.

"I only took this position for the summer," she teased him.

"But you will take me—forever, please?" he pleaded.

"I will," she said.

FIND STIRS MEDICAL WORLD

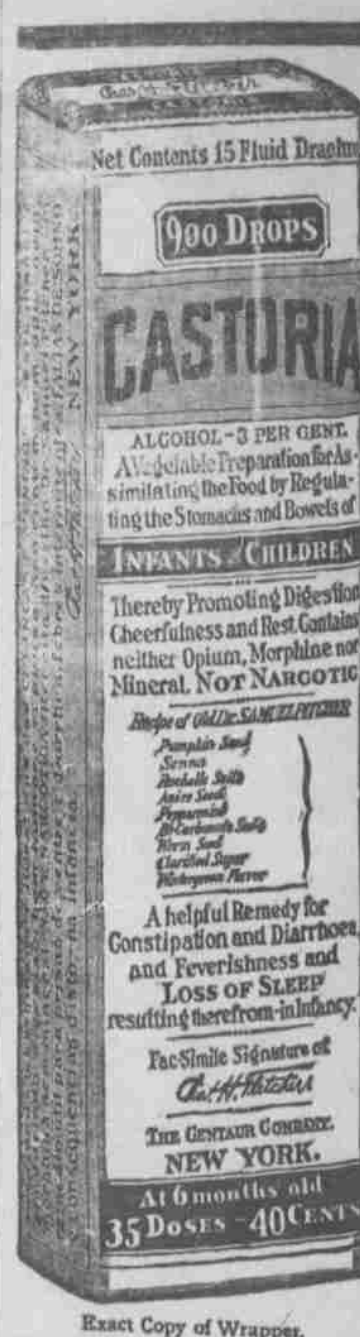
Discovery of Properties of Tree Growing in Bengal May Be of Importance.

Investigations are being made into the medicinal properties of a forest tree indigenous to parts of Bihar and Bengal that recall the circumstances under which quinine became known to the world as a remedy for malaria fever, says the *Chatterbox* of Commerce Journal (Calcutta). The late civil surgeon of Ranchi, Lieut. Col. J. C. S. Vaughan, having noticed the occurrence of a large number of cases of malignant malaria and blackwater fever in that district, endeavored among the aboriginal tribes to find whether they used any local plant as a cure for these diseases. It appears that there is a tree whose leaves, bark and root are all used, and experiments that have been made with the leaves raise the hope that they may prove to be a valuable addition to our stock of drugs for use in the tropics.

The tree is known by various vernacular names, but its botanical name is *Vitex pedunculata*. It is found not only in Chota Nagpur but also in eastern Bengal and the Khasia Terai. The simplest way to use it is to make an infusion of the leaves—one ounce of leaves to forty ounces of infusion. The effect has been found to vary, but this is true of quinine as well, and of most other drugs. In most cases larger doses or stronger infusions proved effective where the ordinary treatment had failed, and microscopic examination proved that the malarial parasites disappeared from the blood under the influence of the treatment.

Mephistopheles.

The names given in the Bible to Mephistopheles—dark power are Abaddon, Apollyon, Beelzebub, Satan and devil. Mephistopheles is not among them. There were magic books in the sixteenth century dealing with legends of demons in which writers occasionally liked to dip when it suited their purpose to reveal in the occult and to give a touch of the occult to their work. It lent a fascinating and fearful flavor to a drama or poem to borrow from demonology. Le Sage scored a hit when he made Asmodeus the hero of his "Le Diable Boiteux," translated as "The Devil on Two Sticks." This individual, unexpectedly freed from a bottle wherein he had been corked up for centuries, makes an interesting companion for the young student of Alchemy who liberates him. Mephistopheles belongs to that same mystical company.



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